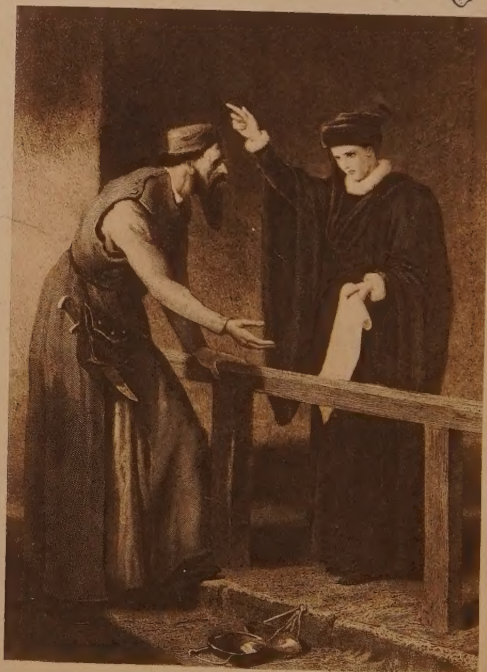


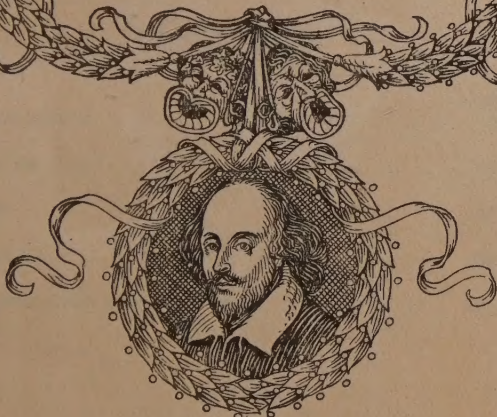


J. D. WATSON, PINXT.

Shylock and Portia.

SHAKESPEARE

THE MERCHANT
OF VENICE



1911

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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (? 1596).—We turn from the rain-green level meads of France, which we find in Shakspeare's preceding play of *King John*, from our own murky land—and yet a land like Venice is a city, a precious stone set in the silver sea—to the sunlit Venice of Italy—

“The glorious city of the sea :

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets

Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed

Clings to the marble of her palaces.”—*Rogers*.

We turn to

“Padua, where the stars are night by night

Watched from the top of an old dungeon tower,

Whence blood ran once—the tower of Ezzelin.”—*Rogers*.

And we are greeted here, too, with a parent's cry for a lost child ; but whereas in *John* it was the mother's pathetic, passionate grief for her reft boy, the dearest thing to her on earth, in heaven ; in *The Merchant* it is the father's fierce and selfish curse on his girl, flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, and yet far less dear to him

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than his gold. Here, too, we have an appeal for a life, a cry for mercy to the condemned. In *John* it was from Arthur's lips; in *The Merchant* it is from Portia's—sweet sources both—and in each case the life is saved: in *John* by a man's true heart, in *The Merchant* by a woman's ready wit. Other links there are between the plays. The sadness or melancholy of which Arthur speaks in *John*, Act IV., sc. i.—

“I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness”—

is echoed in Antonio's first speech in the very first line of *The Merchant*—

“In sooth, I know not why I am so sad,”

in Salanio's and Salarino's echoes of that; and in Antonio's—

“I hold the world
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.”

while Portia's first speech, “By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world,” and Jessica's “I am never merry when I hear sweet music,” repeat the same thought. Yet here (as Mr. Munro says), “in Shakspeare's second period, sadness is but a cloud-shadow on an infinite sea of joy—of joy in the positive forces of the world, the beauty and tenderness of women, and the strength and comradeship of man; of faith in all the highest qualities of the human

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heart, compassion and love and mercy. All things may yet be reconciled, and virtue will prevail: the cunning and ferocity, the anxiety and the suffering of *The Merchant of Venice* are lost and forgotten in that last scene, full of rhythmic rapture, where voice even is found to utter the silver moonlight sleeping on a bank." Gratiano may be compared with Falconbridge; Blanche, having to choose between her uncle and her bridegroom, with Portia having to choose between her husband's honour and her bridal joys; the loss of John's forces in the Wash, to that of Antonio's ships on the Goodwin Sands, etc. But that the play is a splendid advance on *John*, no reader will question. We have here no want of climax, no loose thread of dramatic action, as in *John*. The three plots of Antonio and Shylock, Portia and Bassanio, Jessica and Lorenzo, are interwoven and worked through with consummate skill.

As we find in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* a great outburst of fancy, in *Romeo and Juliet* a great outburst of passion, in *Richard II.* of patriotism and rhetoric, combined in *John* with pathos, in *Richard III.* a great outburst of intensity, so here we see, not one feeling dominating all the rest, but a symphony of grace and fierceness, mercy and vengeance, friendship and love and fiend-like hate, of wit and humour too, all harmonised by the quiet strains of Heaven's own choir of stars. The play is a picture, glowing with the hues of the Italian sky and sea, and the gemmed palaces which reflect their glory; a creation beautiful as the visions of Venice that Turner painted, yet firm as

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earth, solid as flesh, pulsing with life, like blood. If we turn back to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the first play in which Shakspeare dealt with this passionate, scheming, Italian nature, we shall see how he has advanced. If we turn forward to the great Venetian play of his Third Period, *Othello*, we shall see to what greater height, to what lower deep, he had to pass. *The Merchant of Venice* is the first full Shakspeare. The only blemish on the play—the seemingly tedious casket-scenes—become almost its brightest gems, when an actress of genius like Miss Ellen Terry puts into them the wonderful by-play that she used to create when playing the part. The hero of the piece is undoubtedly Shylock. The first entry of the play in the Stationers' Registers is the *Merchant of Venice*, otherwise called the *Jew of Venice*. And beside the gracious figure of Portia, that of the cursing Shylock ever stands. But as Antonio's friendship is the occasion for the display of Shylock's character, and triumphs over his hate, the play is justifiably called *The Merchant of Venice*. The Jews were banisht from England in 1290¹ and Holinshed relates how the captain who took away the richest of them drown'd them all in the Thames, and

¹ Shakspeare may well have known, and must have known of, the Portuguese Jew physician Lopez, who, with other Portuguese, was hung and quartered while alive on 7th June, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth (Stow's *Annals*, pp. 1274, 1278, ed. 1605). Lopez was before in Leicester's household, and James Burbage, the father, was one of Leicester's players. Lopez's chief rival was the Pretender, Don Antonio. Lopez was brought into other plays. See Mr. S. L. Lee's paper in *Gent's Mag.*, Jan., 1880. Mr. Lee has since found at the Record Office the record of the beginning of a trial of another Jew in England about this time.

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he implies that this act was approved by many Englishmen even in Elizabeth's time. Shylock's tribal hatred of Antonio and the Christians was surely wholly justified, and so was his individual hatred to a great extent. A cur when kickt will bite when he sees a chance. It is only the hate that springs from avarice in Shylock that we can condemn. That his whole hate was intense we may judge by his risking 3,000 ducats, dearer to him than his daughter's life,¹ to gratify it. The hereditary self-restraint in the man, and his hypocrisy, "O, father Abram, what these Christians are" (I. iii. p. 44), etc., are noticeable—the latter point matches Richard the Third's "I thank my God for my humility." His appeal to justice, "Hath not a Jew eyes," etc., is unanswerable, and is not yet admitted in many a land calling itself civilised. For how short a time, alas, have we admitted it! That wonderful scene with Tubal in Act III., sc. i., Shylock's gloating over his revenge, his subduing his avarice to it, his self-possession in defeat, are all work of the first order. But at last comes, "I am not well," and one wishes he had been spared the spiteful punishment of being made a Christian. His was a strong nature, capable of good; 'tis the fallen angel who makes the worst devil; but devil or not, Shylock carries our sympathies with him.²

¹ I do not forget the redeeming, "The patch is kind enough," and "I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor" (III. i. 83). Shylock could care for love, as well as revenge, before money; but it wasn't love for his girl.

² Miss J. Lee pleads that he was a near relation of Marlowe's Barabas: "the more I think of the two plays the more I believe that here is another debt owed by Shakspeare to Marlowe. In Acts I., II., V. of the *Jew of Malta*, Barabas is a grand old fellow."

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As to Portia, we shall all agree with Jessica, "The poor rude world hath not her fellow." With many lovers of Shakspeare, Portia is still the dearest character—her namesake, Brutus's wife, Volumnia, Imogen, Hermione, notwithstanding. As Mrs. Kemble once said "Shakspeare's Portia, then, as now, my ideal of a perfect woman."

Portia is one of those characters that, like Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Shakspeare shows us first in gloom and then brings into the sunshine of love. She is sad at first, and no wonder. The lottery of her destiny bars her the right of voluntary choosing. She is but the sport of that great allotter of fate, Chance, which Shakspeare has made such a leading element in this play.¹ But chance is kind to her, and gives her the man she loves. We see her endow'd, like the lady of Ghauker's "Pity," with grace, good birth, and stately courtesy, but not with the earlier lady's cruel heart. Wit and humour she has, keen judgment too. Nothing can be happier than her judgment of her lover's, and her description of herself, when drest as a young fop; both to be compared with Julia's in *The Two Gentlemen*. How pretty, too, is her "Yes, yes," the prelude of her love for Bassanio; her charming hesitation, "It isn't love and yet it is; you're half my heart;" her quiver when Bassanio is choosing; that most beautiful and gracious giving of herself to her husband; her unselfishness in letting her lover-husband leave her so soon to save his friend:

¹ My friend Mr. James Pierce, of Bedford's, view.

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she rightly loves his honour more than she loves him. Note, too, the generous wisdom of her judgment of Antonio's character from Bassanio's; her quick insight and wit on the call for action; her self-reliance—she risks her all and makes a joke of it; her admirable handling of her case in court; the reserve of her power of deciding the case until she has first tried to raise Shylock to the nobleness she would have him reach. See how the essence of all the virtues of woman is in her speech for mercy, which will echo to all time, and which we may compare with that of Queen Philippa in *Edward III.*, with that of Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. See, too, how through the whole of the trial scene she keeps up her happy, roguish humour, chaffing her husband about giving her up, and insisting on his ring. (The later ring-scene is wonderfully effective on the stage, with Portia and Nerissa stalking about in a pretty little tantrum, whisking their long trains round, flapping their fans, and raising a regular mock storm. Another delightful traditional touch, too, Miss Terry put into her representation of the part, as Bassanio, after the trial, walks to the front of the stage, the black-cappt Doctor Portia put her pretty hands to her lips, behind him, and blew him a wifely kiss.) No one can praise Portia too highly. She is the happy mean between the brilliant, saucy Beatrice, and the quiet, devoted Viola. Jessica, "the most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew," is more romantic and impulsive. Love is her ruling passion, as greed is her father's. In a certain sense she reproduces

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Juliet. She would give up herself, her all, for love. She leads Lorenzo, and plans their elopement, just as Portia leads Bassanio. Jessica knows the value of money in one way, but she sacrifices it to a whim. The lyrical beauty of the night scene with Lorenzo, a certain touch of Easternness in her character, her sadness at music, show depths of nature which speak a happy future for the pair. Antonio is to me the Shakspeare of the *Sonnets*. The beautiful unselfishness of his message to Bassanio—

“All debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.”——

can only be matcht by Shakspeare's own feeling for his Will in *Sonnets* 87, 93, with which are to be set 71-74, 97, 99. We have no hesitation in accepting Bassanio's character of him—

“The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.”

Bassanio is a bit of an adventurer, yet he is noble.¹

¹ And, like Fenton in *The Merry Wives*, he smells April and May, “A day in April never came so sweet,” &c., II. ix. 78. (Portia implies Shakspeare's rise into the society of such English ladies as he'd not known in earlier life.) The Venetian ‘Bassano’ family was well known in London in Shakspeare's day. Its pedigree will be found in the *Visitation of London* (Harleian Soc.), p. 64. In a Deed of 1589, relating to the tithes of St. Helens, Bishopsgate, Master Antonio Bassano is charged 8s. 3d. for tithe, and Jeronimy Bassano 13s. 9d.—*Academy*, 7 May, 1881, p. 337, col. 1. The name often occurs in the registers of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, the parish in which the Curtain Theatre was.

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One must not find fault with the man whom Antonio and Portia loved. Still he is not worthy of Portia, though one does not blame him so much for being willing to give up Portia for his friend. Bassanio felt that Portia herself commended him for being willing to sacrifice his all, his life, even her, for the friend who had forfeited his life for him. Gratiano, with his head in his hat, saying "Amen" and behaving properly, is great fun all through. He is the Cyril of Tennyson's *Princess*; and in the trial and ring scenes we enjoy his jeers, and his getting out of his scrapes with that lawyer's scrubby boy. Launcelot Gobbo, as Launce in *The Two Gentlemen*, has a discussion with himself, after the manner of Davus in Terence's *Andria*, Act I., sc. iii. And though we have no dog here, yet we do have the inimitable damning of Jessica, the fore-runner of Touchstone's of Corin (*As You, III. ii.*). The fun of Launcelot and his father interrupting one another while asking Bassanio for his place, is reproduced with added power in Dogberry and Verges in *Much Ado*. Shakspeare keeps up in *The Merchant* his satire of his contemporaries that we saw in his first *Love's Labour's Lost*. His cuts at the Englishman's dress are worthy of Andrew Boorde, whose wood-cut of an Englishman with a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of shears in the other, standing naked, and musing in his mind what raiment he should wear (p. 116 of my edition of Boorde's "Introduction to Knowledge," *E. E. T. Soc.*, 1870), Shakspeare may have seen, as he had no doubt read Harrison's declaration—"Except it were a dog in a doublet, you

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shall not see anie so disguised as are my countrie men of England " (p. 168 of my edition, *N. Sh. Soc.*). The want of education, too, in our nobles was a commonplace of the time, see the Forewords to my *Babees' Book*; while Portia's sketch of the young fop and lady-killer might have been verified in the walks in St. Paul's any day in the week, and the "how every fool can play upon the word," too. Women's sham hair is forcibly condemned in Act III., sc. ii., as often before and after in Shakspeare; while we have the English coin, the angel, in Act II., sc. vii.; the Goodwin Sands in Act III., sc. i.; the jury of twelve men in Act IV. sc. i.; the ring's posy like the cutler's poetry on a knife in Act V., sc. i. Notwithstanding the three-months' bond, and the gaoler engaged a fortnight beforehand, the action of the play is hurried into some eight days. When once he'd started, Shakspeare couldn't wait three months; 'twas not his nature to, in a play like this. I group together *John* and *The Merchant* as "Life-Plea Plays."

The Merchant was entered twice in the Stationers' Registers: first in 1598: "xxij^o Julij James Robertes. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of bothe the wardens, a booke of *The Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce*. Prouided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoever without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord Chamberlen . . . vj^d." (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 122). Second, in 1600: "28 octobris. Thomas haies. Entred for his copie under the handes of the Wardens, and by Consent of

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master Robertes. A booke called *the booke of the merchant of Venyce* . . . vj^d. ” (*Transcript*, iii. 175). The play was not publisht till 1600, when James Roberts printed it in quarto for himself (Q. 1), and also (Q. 2) for Thomas Heyes. The text in the first Folio, 1623, was printed from the second Quarto. That there was an old play on the bond story we judge from a passage in Gosson’s *School of Abuse*,¹ 1579, pp. 29–30, Old Shakespeare Society, 1841 :—

“ And as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke, which are easily remembered, as quickly reckoned. . . . *The Jew* and *Ptolome*, showne at the Bull ; *the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers* ; the other (&c.) . . . neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slovenly talke hurting the eares of the chast hearers. . . . These playes are good playes and sweete playes, and of all playes the best playes, and most to be liked.”

The new play of “ the Venecyon comodey,” acted the “ 25 of aguste 1594 ” (*Henslowe’s Diary*, p. 40), cannot have been Shakspeare’s *Merchant*.

The earliest Englishing of the bond story is in the translation of the *Cursor Mundi* of the end of the thirteenth century, publisht in 1876 by the Early English Text Soc. (See Miss Toulmin Smith’s Paper in *New*

¹ “ The *S[c]hool of Abuse*, Containing a pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwelth: Setting vp the Flagge of Defaunce to their mischieuous exercise, and overthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason, and common experience. A discourse as pleasaunt for Gentlemen that fauour learning, as profitable for all that wyll follow vertue. By Stephan Gosson, Stud. Oxon. . . . Printed at London, by Thomas Woodcocke, 1579.”

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Sh. Soc.'s Trans., 1875-6, Pt. I.) But that has no lady in it, tho' it has a Jew. The next English version is in the translation (ab. 1440 A.D.) of the *Gesta Romanorum* (the Latin version of ab. 1390, not the original bef. 1362), in Harl. MS. 7333, printed by the Roxburghe Club in 1838, ed. Sir F. Madden, and edited for the Early English Text Soc. by S. J. Herrtage in 1879. But this has no Jew, though it has a lady. Nor is there any lady in the 95th Declamation of *The Orator of Alex. Silvayn*, englisht by L. P. [Lazarus Piot, that is, Anthony Munday], and publisht in 1596: only the arguments of a Jew and a Christian Merchant, and the decision of the Judge, are there given. But in the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, written 1378, but not printed at Milan till 1558, we have not only both Jew and Lady (of Belmont too)—she is the hero Giannetto's wife, and acts as judge in the case—but also the ring incident, and the Lady's maid being married to Ansaldo, the Antonio of Shakspeare's play. I have no doubt that a report of this Italian story, by some Italy-visiting or Italian-knowing friend of Shakspeare's, was the foundation of his play, or it may be that Shakspeare borrowd from an earlier play made from Fiorentino's novel. Certainly some of the incidents are traceable in older plays. In the *Three Ladies of London*, by Robert Wilson, 1584, a Jew attacks his Christian debtor much in the way that Shylock attacks Antonio; and Stephen Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, describes a play as I have already mentioned, "representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers and bloody

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minds of usurers,"¹ a description which has been thought to imply reference to the choosing of the casket and the judgment of the pound of flesh. And as he could not send his hero to bed three times with the heroine, before he won her by pouring down his bosom on the third night—on the hint of her maid—the drugged wine with which he had been sent to sleep on the first two occasions, and had lost his fine ships with their freights, Shakspeare took from the partially englished *Gesta Romanorum* of his day,²—Richard Robinson's "*Record of Ancyent Historyes* intituled in Latin *Gesta Romanorum*," 1577—the story, of the Three Caskets³ as a less objectionable way of making his lover and sweetheart one.

The date of the play is fixt by the date of Munday's translation of Silwayn's *Orator*, 1596, and Meres's mentioning of Shakspeare's work in 1598; so it is safe to conclude that the play was written between these years. According to Daniel's "Time-Analysis," *Trans. New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79, p. 155, the time of the play is rather more than three months, eight days of which are represented on the stage. But I do not admit his intervals.

¹ See p. 17 and Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*, 1899, p. 60.

² It was "perused, corrected and bettered," no doubt from Wynkyn de Worde's edition (unique copy in St. John's Coll. Camb. library), or John Kynge's 1557 (copy in the Bodleian). None of these three editions contain the bond story. This was first told by John of Haute Seille in his collection of Latin stories called *Dolopathos* or the King and the Seven Sages, written about 1179-1212, and turned into French by Herbert in 1223. The story is told by the fourth Sage.

³ See it printed from Sir F. Madden's edition in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. i., p. 361. The *Pecorone* and Silwayn stories are printed there too, pp. 319, 355, with two old ballads of the pound-of-flesh story, "The Northern Lord" (p. 367) and Gernutus a Jew (p. 375), which I do not suppose are so old as 1596.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }

PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }

Suitors to Portia.

ANTONIO, *a Merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his Friend, Suitor to Portia.*

GRATIANO, } *Friends to An-*

SALANIO, } *tonio and Bas-*

SALARINO, } *sanio.*

SALERIO.

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown,*

Servant to Shylock, after-

wards Servant to Bassanio.

OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launce-*

lot.

LEONARDO, *Servant to Bas-*

sanio.

BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to*

STEPHANO, } *Portia.*

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*

NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*

JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Partly at VENICE, and partly at BELMONT

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—Venice A Street

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.

It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,

I am to learn :

The Merchant of Venice

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone

And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad ?
But tell not me ; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie !

Salar. Not in love neither ? Then let's say you
are sad

Because you are not merry ; and 't were as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper ;

And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well :
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stayed till I had made you
merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?
say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, ‘ I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark ! ’
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,

For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
ears,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not with this melancholy bait
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile :
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner
time.

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only com-
mendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

Ant. Is that anything now ?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of no-
thing, more than any man in all Venice. His
reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two

bushels of chaff : you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well : tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of ?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
it ;

And if it stand as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but
time

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia ;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at
sea ;

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore, go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do :
That shall be racked even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
awearied of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
miseries were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are
as sick that surfeit with too much as they that
starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness,
therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity
comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives
longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches, and
poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good
divine that follows his own instructions: I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching. The brain may devise laws for the
blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:
such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the
meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this
reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a

husband.—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'An you will not have me, choose.' He hears

merry tales and smiles not ; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine : he is every man in no man ; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering : he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-

show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it.

I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquess of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well: and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant

How now? what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another
knocks at the door. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall
be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,
and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the
contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in say
ing he is a good man, is to have you understand
me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in sup-
position. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis,
another to the Indies; I understand moreover
upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a
fourth for England, and other ventures he hath
squandered abroad. But ships are but boards,
sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats,
water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates;
and then, there is the peril of waters, winds,
and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient.
Three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his
bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may
be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with
Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following : but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

Enter ANTONIO

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him for he is a Christian ;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
gate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Curséd be my tribe
If I forgive him !

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,

And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To ANTONIO.*] Rest you fair,
good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possessed
How much *ye* would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot :—three months ; you told me
so.

Well then, your bond ; and let me see,—But hear
you :

Methought, you said, you neither lend nor
borrow

Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's
sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abram was

(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)

The third possessor ; ay, he was the third,—

Ant. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

Shy. No, not take interest ; not as you would
say

Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised,

That all the eanlings which were streaked and
pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In end of autumn turned to the rams,

And when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd peeled me certain wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time

Fall party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest :

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served
for ;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But swayed and fashioned by the hand of Heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good ?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell : I make it breed as fast.—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio ;
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats ;—'t is a good round
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the
rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to
you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys,' you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money ? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this :—

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys ?'

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith : I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for
me :

I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians
are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others !—Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant.

Hie thee, gentle Jew.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*

This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay ;
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

Enter the Prince of MOROCCO, and his Followers :

PORTIA, NERISSA, and others of her Train.

Flourish cornets

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant ; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing ;
But, if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit to yield myself

His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you :
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand,
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage : therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple : after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or cursed'st among men !
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me—‘Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,’ or ‘good Gobbo,’ or ‘good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.’ My conscience says,—‘No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;’ or, as aforesaid, ‘honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.’ Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: ‘Via!’ says the fiend; ‘away!’ says the fiend; ‘for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,’ says the fiend, ‘and run.’ Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me—‘My honest friend Launcelot, being

an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack—something grow to—he had a kind of taste:—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend: 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well; 'fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well: 'to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation, and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter old GOBBO, with a basket

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—
[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to Fates and Destinies, and such

odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased ; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop ?—Do you know me, father ?

Gob. Alack the day ! I know you not, young gentleman ; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul) alive, or dead ?

Laun. Do you not know me, father ?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind ; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing : I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that ; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be ! what a beard hast thou got : thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord ! how art thou changed ! How doest thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How gree you now ?

Laun. Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew : give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famished in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come : give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as

God has any ground.—O rare fortune, here comes the man :—to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers

Bass. You may do so, but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.]*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship !

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as

my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well ; thou hast obtained thy suit :

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir : you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out. [*To his Followers.*] Give him a
livery

More guarded than his fellows' : see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no ; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well : [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man : and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are simple 'scapes : well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this. These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance : hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO

Gra. Where is your master ?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me : I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee,
Gratiano :

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild be-
haviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen,
Use all the observance of civility
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage
me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity.

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well :
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest :
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SHYLOCK'S
House

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so :
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee :
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter, do it secretly :
And so farewell ; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most

beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit : adieu!

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and
SALANIO

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch
bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile unless it may be quaintly
ordered,

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock, we have two
hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT with a letter

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this,
it shall seem to signify. [*Giving a letter.*]

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair
hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the
Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the
Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her, speak it privately:

[*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

Go, gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry. I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'T is good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO and SALANIO.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath
directed

How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnished with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to Heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest:

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. Before SHYLOCK'S
House

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in th' afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques?—Hear you me,
Jessica,

Lock up my doors, and when you hear the
drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street .

To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces :

But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements,

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter

My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :

But I will go :—Go you before me, sirrah,

Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out
at window, for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring?
ha !

Jes. His words were 'Farewell, mistress ;'
nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat : drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :
Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—The same

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued

Gra. This is the penthouse, under which
Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O ! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obligéd faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that
are,

Are with more spirit chaséd than enjoyed.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarféd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracéd by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind !

Enter LORENZO

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo : more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode ;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :
When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives

I 'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho, who's within ?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that
thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the
pains.

I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transforméd to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit from above]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true
Shall she be placéd in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen ; away !
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]

Enter ANTONIO

Ant. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Antonio ?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest ?
'T is nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you :
No masque to-night : the wind is come about.
Bassanio presently will go aboard ;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't, I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in
PORTIA'S HOUSE

*Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of MOROCCO, and
both their Trains*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince :—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
bears,

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves.'

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince :

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me
see;—

I will survey the inscriptions back again.

What says this leaden casket?

‘Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath.’

Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,

I’ll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

‘Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves.’

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou beest rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that’s the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I strayed no further, but chose here?—

Let's see once more this saying graved in gold :
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.'

Why, that's the lady : all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wild Arabia, are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'T were damna-
tion

To think so base a thought : it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in Eng-
land

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stampéd in gold, but that's insculped upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliver me the key :

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince ; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] *All that glisters is not gold ;*

Often have you heard that told :

Many a man his life hath sold

But my outside to behold :

Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold,

Young in limbs, in judgment old,

Your answer had not been inscroll'd,

'Fare you well, your suit is cold.'

Cold, indeed, and labour lost :

Then, farewell, heat, and, welcome, frost :

Portia, adieu, I have too griev'd a heart,

To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [*Exit*]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains ; go.

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the
Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail :
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
'My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !
Fled with a Christian !—O my Christian ducats !
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
A sealéd bag, two sealéd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter !
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones,

Stolen by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!’

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remembered.
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarriéd
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wished in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you
hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered—‘Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew’s bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there.'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand ; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embracéd heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

Enter NERISSA, with a Servitor

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
straight,

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter the Prince of ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their
Trains. Flourish of cornets*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince :

If you choose that wherein I am contained,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnised ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoined by oath to observe three
things :

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose ; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage ;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed me. Fortune
now

To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
hath :'

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :—
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.'

What many men desire :—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :

‘ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves.’

And well said too ; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit ? Let none pre-

SHRIMP

To wear an undeservéd dignity :

O ! that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !

How many then should cover that stand bare ;

How many be commanded that command ;

How much low peasantry would then be gleaned

From the true seed of honour ; and how much
honour

Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,

To be new-varnished ! Well, but to my choice :

‘Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.’

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What’s here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

‘Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves:’

Did I deserve no more than a fool’s head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposéd natures.

Ar. What is here?

[Reads.] *The fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow’s bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silvered o’er, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed*

I will ever be your head :

So be gone ; you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here :

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt ARRAGON and Train.

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.

O, these deliberate fools, when they do choose

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here, what would my lord ?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord,

From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,

To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love :

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee.
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio lord,—Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the
narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the
place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the
carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say,
if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her
word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in
that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours

believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha, what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK

How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel !

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it at these years ?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory ; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

Shy. There I have another bad match ; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart : Let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ; let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?

Shy. To bait fish withal ; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ?

fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe, a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [*Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.*]

Enter TUBAL

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so; and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news:—Ha, ha! . . . hear . . . in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and
Attendants*

Por. I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company ; therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you,—and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality ;
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right,—but then I am forsworn ;
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me, and divided me :
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights ;
And so, though yours, not yours ;—prove it so,

Let Fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long ; but 't is to peise the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio : then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcéd do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance :
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

[Curtain drawn from before the caskets.]

Por. Away then, I am locked in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice,

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
And what is music then ? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownéd monarch ; such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—Now he goes,
With no less presence but with much more love
Than young Alcides when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With blearéd visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit : go, Hercules,
Live thou, I live :—with much, much more dismay,
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

*A song, the whilst BASSANIO comments on the
caskets to himself.*

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourishéd ?*

Reply, reply.

*It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring fancy's knell :
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves :

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damnéd error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk,
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchased by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :

So are those crispéd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposéd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilé shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy !
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess :
I feel too much thy blessing ! make it less,
For fear I surfeit !

Bass. What find I here ?

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit. What demi-god

Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her
hairs,

The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the
scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune:

[*Reads.*] *You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true,
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave,
I come by note, to give and to receive.

[*Kissing her.*

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich ;

That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;

Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this
ring,

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaséd multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed, and not expressed. But when this
ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,

That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady !

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me,
And, when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me
one,

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours,—
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You loved, I loved ; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his intidel?

What! and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord,
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it.—Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind ; his letter there
Will show you his estate.

[*BASSANIO reads the letter.*]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her wel-
come.

Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from
Venice ?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?
I know he will be glad of our success ;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he
hath lost !

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass.

O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman :
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you,
My state was nothing, I should then have told
you,

That I was worse than nothing ; for indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio ?
Hath all his ventures failed ? What, not one hit ?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

Saler.

Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man,
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him
swear

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble ?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand and deface the bond :
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along ;
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] Sweet Bassanio, My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low ; my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you

at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O, love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste ; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler

Shy. Gaoler, look to him : tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.

Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my
bond.

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond : I will not hear thee
speak :

I'll have my bond : and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;

I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant.

Let him alone :

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;

I oft delivered from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me ;

Therefore he hates me.

Salar.

I am sure, the Duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law :

For the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice, if it be denied,

Will much impeach the justice of the state,

Since that the trade and profit of the city

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :

These griefs and losses have so bated me

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—

Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S
House

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
and BALTHAZAR

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit

Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord.

But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,

How true a gentleman you send relief,

How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,

I know, you would be prouder of the work

Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,

Nor shall not now : for in companions

That do converse and waste the time together,

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,

There must be needs a like proportion

Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;

Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty !
This comes too near the praising of myself ;
Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
you !

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleased

To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua : see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;
And look, what notes and garments he doth give
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone : I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa : I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our hus-
bands

Before they think of us.

Ner.

Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplishéd
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two ;
And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;
And speak between the change of man and
 boy
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing
 steps
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,
I could not do withal : then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed
 them.

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men ?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. A Garden

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA

Laun. Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter : therefore, be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed : so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla,

your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone, both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : here he comes.

Enter LORENZO

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo, Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be

more than reason ; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir ; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir ?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in ; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited !

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other, for the poor rude
world

Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon ; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice

Enter the DUKE ; the Magnificoes ; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALERIO, and others

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salar. He's ready at the door. He comes, my
lord.

Enter SHYLOCK

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 't is thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I
purpose ;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn

To have the due and forfeit of my bond :

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive

Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that,

But, say, it is my humour : is it answered ?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned? What, are you answered
yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;

Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;

And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,

Cannot contain their urine : for affection,

Master of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer.

As there is no firm reason to be rendered,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;

Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my
answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not
love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not
kill ?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting
thee twice ?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the
Jew.

You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;

You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that (than which what's
harder ?) '

His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means ;
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them : I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
wrong ?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them :—shall I say to you,
Let them be free ; marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands ? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought ; 't is mine, and I will have it.

If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage
yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your
grace. [*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen-
ness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damned, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused !
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam
Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit
him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four
of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*Reads.*] Your grace shall understand,
that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick;
but in the instant that your messenger came, in
loving visitation was with me a young doctor of
Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him
with the cause in controversy between the Jew and
Antonio, the merchant; we turned o'er many books
together: he is furnished with my opinion, which,
bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof
I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my
importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my
stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no
impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation,
for I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial
shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA for BALTHAZAR

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome ; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informéd th'roughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

[*To ANTONIO.*] You stand within his danger, do
you not ?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed :
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou wilt follow, this strict court of
Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the
Law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the
court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be: there is no power in
Venice

Can alter a decree established;

'T will be recorded for a precedent,

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here
it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge !

How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast ;

So says the bond :—doth it not, noble judge ?—

'Nearest his heart : ' those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so expressed ; but what of that ?

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it : 't is not in the bond ?

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to
say ?

Ant. But little ; I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteemed above thy life ;

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
that,

If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love :

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have
a daughter ;

'Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian.
We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine :

The Court awards it, and the Law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast :

The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! come,
prepare !

Por. Tarry a little ; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew :—O learned
judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the Act ;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark Jew :—a learned
judge!

Shy. I take this offer then ; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft !

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste :
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh : if thou takest more
Or less than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-
feiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That, by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party against the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, against all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant. and thou hast incurred

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore thou must be hanged at the State's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:

The other half comes to the general State,

Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the State; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?—

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.—

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the Court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronouncéd here.

Por. Art thou contented Jew ? what dost thou
say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-
fathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE and his Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid :
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again :
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further :

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute

Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you ;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
sake ;

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.

Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no
more ;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir ? alas, it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation :

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife :

And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
[*To PORTIA.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's
ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [*To NERISSA.*] Thou may'st, I warrant.
We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them and outswear them too.
[*Aloud.*] Away ! make haste : thou know'st where
I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house ?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Belmont. The Avenue to PORTIA'S
House

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you did no body come ;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend ? what friend ? your name, I pray
you, friend ?

Steph. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont ; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her ?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned ?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT

Laun. Sola, sola ! wo ha, ho ! sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ?

Laun. Sola ! did you see Master Lorenzo, and
Mistress Lorenzo ? sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hallowing, man ;—here.

Laun. Sola ! where ? where ?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news : my master
will be here ere morning. *[Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter ; why should we go in ?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit STEPHANO.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls :
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus ;
Let no such man be trusted : Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters :—Music : hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect.
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise, and true perfection !—
Peace, ho !—the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. *[Music ceases.]*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa ;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;
Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you.

[A trumpet sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet.

We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick ;

It looks a little paler : 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me :
But God sort all ! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend :
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :

It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To NERISSA.*] By yonder moon, I swear,
you do me wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value ?
You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave :
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbéd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;
A prating boy, that begged it as a fee :

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with
you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it ; and here he stands :
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief :
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left
hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine ;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger

Hath not the ring upon it : it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe :
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it ; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begged the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffered him to go displeased away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforced to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have
begged

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you :
I'll not deny him any thing I have ;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :
Lie not a night from home ; watch me like
Argus ;

If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore, be well advised

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;

For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio, For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano, For that same scrubbéd boy, the doctor's clerk, In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of high ways

In summer where the ways are fair enough.

What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it ?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed : Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ; It comes from Padua, from Bellario : There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor, Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo here Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you, And even but now returned ; I have not yet Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome ; And I have better news in store for you, Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;

There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you
not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do
it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starv'd people.

Por.

It is almost morning,

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : the first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt*

NOTES

I. i. p. 24. **Argosies.**—The name given to large ships, either men-of-war or merchantmen. Its earliest form was *ragusye*, a vessel of Ragusa.

I. i. p. 24. **Plucking the grass, &c.**—Ascham says, "This way I used in shooting. When I was in the myddle way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I took a fethere, or a *lyttle grasse*, and so *learned how the wind stood.*"

I. i. p. 25. **By two-headed Janus.**—Janus was one of the most ancient god-kings in Italy; he was generally represented as being two-headed. The double head with which the antique images of Janus appeared, often gave contrasted faces.

I. i. p. 26. **Nestor.**—Nestor was one of the gravest and sagest of the Grecian generals in the Trojan war; the commander-in-chief, Agamemnon, said that, had he ten such counsellors as Nestor, Troy would soon be taken.

I. i. p. 31. **Belmont Colcho's strand.**—In allusion to Jason, prince of Thessaly, who set sail in the ship *Argo* for Colchis, to obtain possession of the Golden Fleece. The Fleece was guarded by a dragon; and Jason, aided by Medea, the daughter of the King of Colchis, succeeded in carrying it off.

I. ii. p. 33. **County Palatine.**—"County" or "Count" was a name applied to noblemen generally. It is supposed that the County Palatine here alluded to was a certain Count Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited the court of Queen Elizabeth in 1583, and whose story of a youth spent in prodigality, and an old age spent in search of the philosopher's stone, was publicly known.

Notes

I. i. p. 34. **Weeping Philosopher.**—Heraclitus, the Greek.

I. ii. p. 35. **Borrowed a box of the ear, &c.**—An allusion to the perpetual quarrels between the Scotch and the English, with the promises of assistance to the former from the French.

I. ii. p. 36. **Sibylla.**—The Cumæan Sibyl, of whom Apollo was enamoured, and on whom he conferred the privilege she demanded of living as many years as she had grains of sand in her hand. Many of the early Christians considered the Sibylla as a divine prophetess, and in some of the religious plays (Townley Plays) of the Middle Ages she acts as such.

I. iii. p. 37. **Shylock.**—This name was used for a Jew in a pamphlet published in 1607, being the reprint of a much older copy; therefore there is a probability that it was known to Shakspeare. It is believed that the name was derived from the Jewish appellation, *Scialac*,—borne by a Maronite of Mount Libanus about the period in question.

I. iii. p. 38. **The Rialto.**—From the Italian *Riva alta*, high shore. The island Rialta, in Venice, was one of the most elevated spots on which the city was built. The Venetian gentlemen and merchants met daily at an exchange which was held on the Rialto.

I. iii. p. 39. **Usance here with us in Venice.**—The Jews were at that time noted and licensed usurers in Venice. This is evident from a history of Italy which was published in 1561. "It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the year."

II. i. p. 46. **Make incision for your love.**—It was the fashion for young gallants to wound themselves in the arm, as a proof of devotion, that they might toast their lady's name, or write it, in the liquor that flowed.

Notes

II. i. p. 47. **Solyman.**—Probably he who made war on the Persians, 1535.

II. i. p. 47. **Lichas.**—Lichas was the servant of Hercules. Bringing to Hercules the poisoned garment sent by Dejanira, he was thrown by his master into the sea.

II. ii. p. 54. **Dish of doves.**—It was the custom with the Italian peasants to present their employers with gifts of poultry or fruit.

II. ii. p. 55. **Simple Line of Life.**—The "line of life" was the name given in palmistry to the curved line proceeding downwards inside the hand, from the thumb towards the wrist.

II. iv. p. 60. **Jessica shall be my torch bearer.**—That the office of bearing a torch was held to be rather a distinction than otherwise, appears from a passage in a play by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a torch bearer to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing."

II. v. p. 61. **For I did dream of money bags.**—It was an old popular superstition that to dream of money was unlucky, and betokened coming misfortune.

II. v. p. 62. **My nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday.**—A sudden bleeding of the nose was reckoned ominous. "Black Monday" means Easter Monday, so called, as Stowe relates, from a certain morrow of Easter that fell on April 14th, 1360, when Edward III. with his host lay before Paris, and when the weather was so dark and bitterly cold that men died on horseback.

II. v. p. 62. **Jacob's staff.**—An allusion to the staff with the help of which Jacob crossed the Jordan. "Jacob's Staff" was also a term frequently used for a pilgrim's staff.

II. v. p. 62. **Worth a Jewess' eye.**—In reference to the popular phrase used with regard to anything extremely precious, "Worth a Jew's eye." The phrase originated in the price paid by Jews in olden times to save their eyes, teeth, &c., from the mutilating hands of their oppressors.

II. viii. p. 71. **Gondola.**—The boat peculiar to the Venetian canals. They were fashioned in Shakspere's days in precisely the same way as they are at the present day. In the centre is a wooden awning, covered with black cloth; beneath are black leather cushioned seats, and the whole of the boat is painted black.

III. i. p. 83. **Turquoise.**—This delicate blue stone, found in the clayey earth of Persia, was formerly supposed to possess virtuous properties that, beyond its beauty, rendered it valuable. It was believed to change colour, and become paler or livelier-hued, according to the health of its possessor. It was also believed to prevent enmity, and to make man and wife agree together.

III. ii. p. 86. **The Virgin Tribute.**—To appease the wrath of Neptune, whom Laomedon, King of Troy, had offended, a Trojan maiden was annually given to be devoured by a sea monster sent by the angry god. When the lot fell upon Hesione, Laomedon's daughter, Hercules offered to rescue her, and succeeded in so doing.

III. ii. p. 87. **Livers white as milk.**—The belief prevailed in Shakspere's time that the colour of the liver and of the blood indicated a greater or lesser degree of courage, according to their comparative paleness or redness.

III. ii. p. 88. **Midas.**—A Phrygian king, who, when desired by Bacchus to choose a gift, begged that he might have the power to turn into gold all that he touched. Thus, the very food that he lifted to his mouth hardened into that metal.

III. ii. p. 96. **Magnificoes.**—A Venetian title, equivalent to noblemen or magnates. They were the men of chief rank and influence in Venice.

III. ii. p. 97. **Ducats.**—The Venetian ducat is said to have been of two kinds, the *ducato di banco*, worth about 4s. 4d., and the *ducato di San Marco*, worth about 2s. 10d. In 1140 a silver coin was issued by Roger II. of Sicily, Duke of Apulia, which bore the inscription R. Dx. AP., i.e., *Rogerus Dux Apuliæ*. In 1284 was issued the first gold ducat, worth about 9s. On one side it had a figure of Christ and the inscription: "*Sit tibi, Christe,*

Notes

datus, quem tu regis, iste Ducatus !" ("To Thee, O Christ, be given this duchy, which alone Thou rulest and sustainest"). This did not originate the name, as some writers have supposed, but only helped to spread it.

III. v. p. 104. **Scylla**.—Scylla, being the rival of Circe in the affections of Glaucus, was transformed into a cluster of rocks, opposite which lay the whirlpool Charybdis. Charybdis was originally a woman who stole the oxen of Hercules, and was punished by Jupiter with this transformation. The nearness of these dangers to each other gave rise to a Latin line which has long since passed into a proverb: "*Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim*" ("Thou fallest into Scylla, endeavouring to avoid Charybdis").

IV. i. p. 114. **Pythagoras**.—The philosopher of Samos, famous for his doctrine of the transmigration of the soul.

V. i. p. 131. **Troilus**.—The son of Priam, around whom, in connection with Cressida, there grew in the Middle Ages the romance which culminated in Shakspeare's play.

V. i. p. 131. **Thisbe**.—A Babylonian maid, loved by Pyramus. They were obliged to meet in secret, and agreed on a certain day to see each other at Ninus' tomb. Thisbe, arriving first, saw there a lioness devouring an ox. While running away she dropped some of her clothes, which the lioness seized and stained with blood. Pyramus, finding it, supposed Thisbe to have been killed, and killed himself. Thisbe, on finding her lover's dead body, also slew herself. (Ovid.)

V. i. p. 131. **Dido**.—Elissa, surnamed Dido, stabbed herself in preference to marrying again, after having vowed fidelity to her murdered husband, Sichæus. She founded Carthage, and became its Queen.

V. i. p. 131. **Medea**.—The wife of Jason, who by her knowledge of the magical properties of plants, selected those needed for her purpose, and by substituting their juices for the blood of Aeson, her husband's father, restored him to youth.

V. i. p. 132. **Holy Crosses.**—Wayside shrines are still to be seen by scores in Italy, where (as formerly in England) they are rarely passed without a raised hat, a bent knee, a murmured *paternoster*, or a prayer for whatever lies nearest to the heart of the devotee.

V. i. p. 133. **With his horn, &c.**—The "post," or postman, formerly had a horn slung round his neck, partly as an official badge, partly that he might sound it, on his arrival, to announce the bringing of news.

V. i. p. 134. **Patines.**—A "patine" (Latin, *patina*) is the small flat plate of gold used with the chalice in the administration of the Eucharist.

V. i. p. 133. **The Poet.**—Ovid. In his story of Orpheus and Eurydice, he not only describes the Thessalian musician as charming the "trees, stones, and floods" on the earth, but, when penetrating to the shades below in search of his lost wife, causing those doomed to everlasting labours to suspend them: Tantalus to desist from pursuing the receding stream; Ixion's wheel to cease rolling; the Belides to pause in their fruitless toil of filling leaky vessels; and Sisyphus to refrain from pushing up the ever-mounting, ever-falling stone.

V. i. p. 136. **Endymion.**—A youth famed for his beauty and for continually being asleep. The story runs that as he slept on Latmus, Selene, or the Moon, came down and kissed him, and lay by his side, inflamed by his beauty.

V. i. p. 141. **Argus.**—Argus was supposed to have a hundred eyes, only two of which slept at a time. He was set by Juno to watch the nymph Io, who had been changed into a heifer by Jupiter; but Mercury, after lulling to sleep all the eyes of Argus with the sound of his lyre, slew him. Juno then placed his eyes in the tail of her peacocks, the birds that drew her car and were held sacred to her.

GLOSSARY

- Abode:** tarrying. II. vi. p. 64.
Abridged: "to be —" i.e. 'at being —.' I. i. p. 29.
Address'd: prepared. II. ix. p. 74.
Advice: reflection, consideration. IV. ii. p. 130.
Advised: wary, circumspect. II. i. p. 30.
Advisedly: deliberately. V. i. p. 142.
Albeit: although. II. vi. p. 65.
Approve: prove, justify. III. ii. p. 87.
Attempt: tempt. IV. i. p. 127.
Baned: poisoned. IV. i. p. 110.
Bare: bareheaded. II. ix. p. 75.
Bated: brought down, reduced. III. iii. p. 99.
Beholding: beholden. I. iii. p. 42.
Bid: invite. II. iv. p. 57; II. v. p. 61.
Blent: blended. III. ii. p. 91.
Bottom: hold of a vessel. I. i. p. 25.
Breathing: verbal. V. i. p. 138.
Burial: grave. I. i. p. 24.
Cater-cousins: to be 'cater-cousins' was to be on good terms together. II. ii. p. 53.
Cerecloth: a cloth saturated with wax and used for enfold- ing embalmed bodies. II. vii. p. 69.
Ceremony: sacred possession. V. i. p. 140.
Charge: expense. IV. i. p. 120.
Cheer: aspect, countenance. III. ii. p. 97.
Choose: leave it alone. I. ii. p. 38.
Circumstance: circumlocution, superfluous words. I. i. p. 80.
Civil doctor: doctor of civil law. V. i. p. 140.
Civility: civilization. II. ii. p. 56.
Close: secret. II. vi. p. 66.
Colt: a foolish, wild young fel- low. I. ii. p. 33.
Commodity: commercial trans- actions. III. iii. p. 99.
Complexion: nature. III. i. p. 79.
Compromised: mutually agreed. I. iii. p. 41.
Conceit: comprehension, idea. III. iv. p. 100.
Confound: destroy. III. ii. p. 96.
Confusions: conclusions, experi- ments. II. ii. p. 49.
Constant: firm, resolute. III. ii. p. 94.
Contain: hold, keep. V. i. p. 140.
Continent: that which contains anything. III. ii. p. 89.
Contrary: wrong. I. ii. p. 35.
Contrive: conspire. IV. ii. p. 124.
Cope: requite. IV. i. p. 127.
Counterfeit: picture, portrait. III. ii. p. 88.
County: Count. I. ii. p. 33. See Notes.
Cousin: kinsman. III. iv. p. 102.
Crisped: curled. III. ii. p. 88.
Cruelty: misery. III. iv. p. 101.
Danger: power (to do harm). IV. i. p. 116.
Disabling: underestimating II. vii. p. 68. [43].
Dolt: the smallest coin. I. iii. p.
Drive: commute. IV. i. p. 125.
Ducat: see Note to III. ii. p. 97.
Dwell: remain, continue. I. iii. p. 44.

Glossary

- Eanlings:** new-born lambs. Saxon *eanian*, to bring forth (to lamb). I. iii. p. 41.
- Entertain:** maintain. I. i. p. 27.
- Envious:** full of malice, hate III. ii. p. 96.
- Ergo:** Latin, therefore. II. ii. p. 50.
- Estate:** resources, health and spirits. III. ii. p. 94.
- Excess:** interest. I. iii. p. 40.
- Excrement:** hair. III. ii. p. 87.
- Fall:** let fall, I. iii. p. 41.
- Fancy:** love. III. ii. p. 86.
- Feared:** frightened. II. i. p. 46.
- Fearful:** fear-compelling. I. iii. p. 45.
- Fell:** fierce, ferocious. IV. i. p. 114.
- Fill-horse:** shaft-horse. II. ii. p. 52.
- Fond:** foolish. II. ix. p. 72; III. iii. p. 98.
- Fool-gudgeon:** the gudgeon was thought a foolish fish and easily caught. I. i. p. 28.
- Fraught:** freighted. II. viii. p. 72.
- Gaberdine:** a large loose cloak. I. iii. p. 42.
- Gaged:** pledged, bound to pay. I. i. p. 29.
- Garnish:** clothing, suit. II. vi. p. 65.
- Gear:** Saxon *gearma*, business-in-hand, matter in question. I. i. p. 26; II. ii. p. 55.
- Gelt:** castrated. V. i. p. 138.
- Gobbo:** Italian for hunchback. II. ii. p. 48.
- Gramercy:** much thanks. French *grand merci*. II. ii. p. 58.
- Gratify:** recompense, reward. IV. i. p. 127.
- Guarded:** trimmed, ornamented. II. ii. p. 54.
- Guiled:** treacherous. III. ii. p. 88.
- Habit:** behaviour. II. ii. p. 56.
- Heaviness:** sadness. II. viii. p. 73.
- Hip:** "on the —," completely in my power; a term in wrestling for an advantage gained. I. iii. p. 39; IV. i. p. 123.
- Hood:** condition, position. II. vi. p. 66.
- Hovel-post:** support of the roof of an outhouse. II. ii. p. 51.
- Humility:** kindness, benevolence. III. i. p. 81.
- Husbandry:** management. III. iv. p. 101.
- Hyrcanian deserts:** a district south of the Caspian, noted for tigers. II. vii. p. 69.
- Impertinent:** Gobbo's blunder for 'pertinent.' II. ii. p. 54.
- Imposition:** injunction. III. iv. p. 101.
- Incarnation:** Launcelot's blunder for 'incarnate.' II. ii. p. 49.
- Infection:** affection. II. ii. p. 53.
- Insculped:** carved, in bas-relief. II. vii. p. 69.
- Intermission:** delay, hesitation. III. ii. p. 92.
- Jacks:** jackanapes. III. iv. p. 103.
- Jump with:** agree with. II. ix. p. 75.
- Kept:** dwelt, associated. III. iii. p. 99.
- Knapped:** to snap, crack, or nibble. III. i. p. 78.
- Level:** aim, guess. I. ii. p. 33.
- Liberal:** free-spoken. II. ii. p. 56.
- Living:** estates. III. ii. p. 90.
- Main flood:** the ocean. IV. i. p. 111.
- Manage:** management. III. iv. p. 101.
- Mere:** absolute, certain. III. ii. p. 95.
- More:** more. I. i. p. 28.
- Narrow seas:** English Channel. II. viii. p. 72.
- Naughty:** evil, wicked, corrupt. III. iii. p. 98; V. i. p. 135.
- Neat:** ox. I. i. p. 28.
- Obliged:** pledged. II. vi. p. 64.
- Occasion:** "quarrelling with —," at odds with the matter in question. III. v. p. 106.
- O'er-look'd:** bewitched. III. ii. p. 84.
- Old:** abundant (a colloquialism). IV. ii. p. 130.

Glossary

Opinion: reputation. I. i. p. 27.
Ostent: demeanour, appearance. II. ii. p. 56; II. viii. 72.
Pageants: shows. I. i. p. 24.
Passion: outcry. II. viii. p. 71.
Patch: fool, clown. II. v. p. 68.
Pelse: weigh down. French *peser*, to weigh. III. ii. p. 85.
Pied: spotted. I. iii. p. 41.
Port: appearance, reputation. I. i. p. 29.
Possessed: informed. I. iii. p. 40.
Posy: motto, inscription. V. i. p. 188.
Preferred: recommended. II. ii. p. 54.
Presently: immediately. I. i. p. 81, &c.
Prest: ready, prompt. I. i. p. 30.
Prevented: anticipated. I. i. p. 26.
Proper: comely, well-proportioned. I. ii. p. 84.
Quaintly: tastefully. II. iv. p. 58.
Question: converse, debate. IV. i. p. 111.
Questionless: unquestionably. I. i. p. 31.
Quit: remit. IV. i. p. 126.
Racked: stretched, tested. I. i. p. 81.
Reasoned: conversed. II. viii. p. 72.
Regreets: salutations. II. ix. p. 77.
Remorse: compassion. IV. i. p. 109.
Repent: regret. IV. i. p. 121.
Reproach: Launcelot's blunder for 'approach.' II. v. p. 61.
Respective: careful, mindful. V. i. p. 138.
Rib: enclose. II. vii. p. 69.
Ripe: urgent. I. iii. p. 40.
Riping: ripening. II. viii. p. 72.
Roads: roadsteads, harbour. I. i. p. 24.
Ruin: refuse, husks, bran. II. ix. p. 75.
Sad: serious. II. ii. p. 56.

Sand-blind: half-blind. II. ii. p. 49.
Scanted: limited, stinted. II. i. p. 46.
Scarfed: decorated. II. vi. p. 64.
Scrubbed: stunted, small. V. i. p. 138.
Set up my rest: made up my mind; a gambling phrase, meaning 'stake all I have.' II. ii. p. 52.
Shrewd: evil, accursed. IV. ii. p. 94.
Shrive me: be my confessor. I. ii. p. 37.
Skipping: trivial, frivolous. II. ii. p. 56.
Slubber: sloven. II. viii. p. 72.
Smug: well dressed, neat. III. i. p. 80.
Sola! an exclamation: Quick! V. i. p. 133.
Sometimes: formerly. I. i. p. 30.
Sonties: saints. II. ii. p. 50.
Sophy: Shah of Persia. II. i. p. 47.
Sort: lottery. I. ii. p. 36; arrange. V. i. p. 137.
Spend: waste. I. i. p. 80.
Squandered: scattered, dispersed. I. iii. p. 88.
Stead: help, support. I. iii. p. 38.
Supposed: false. III. ii. p. 88.
Table: palm of the hand. II. ii. p. 55.
Thrift: profit, gain. I. i. p. 81.
Throstle: missel-thrush. I. ii. p. 34.
Tranect: a ferry. Used only in Shakspeare. III. iv. p. 102.
Tricksy: clever. III. v. p. 107.
Tripolls: Tripoli, one of the Barbary states. I. iii. p. 88.
Trust: credit. I. i. p. 81.
Tucket: flourish on a trumpet: Italian *toccata*. V. i. p. 138.
Undervalued: inferior. I. i. p. 31.
Unfurnished: without a companion. III. ii. p. 89.

Glossary

Usance: usury. I. iii. p. 39.

Use: "in —"; in trust; *i.e.* allowing Shylock the interest during the remainder of his lifetime. IV. i. p. 126.

Vail: to lower, let fall. I. i. p. 24.

Yarnish'd: painted. II. v. p. 62.

Via: a way. II. ii. p. 48.

Waved: beckoned. V. i. p. 131.

Wealth: welfare. V. i. p. 142.

Weather: storms. II. ix. p. 75.

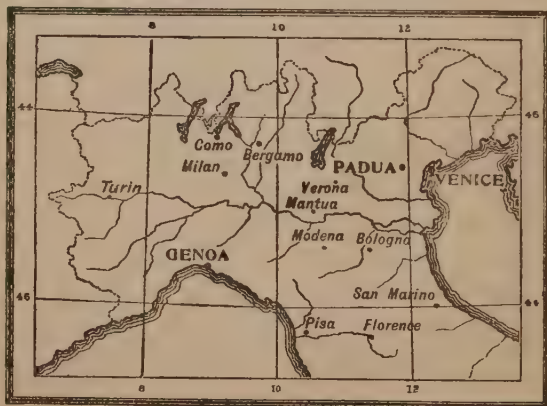
Wit: intelligence. II. i. p. 46.

Wroth: misfortune. II. ix. p. 77.

Younker: youth. II. vi. p. 64.

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY.







S0-EAL-614

